

# Charley Chaplin's Comic Capers

Had Water On The Brain

Copyright, 1924 by J. Kealey.



TELEPHONE THREE-FOUR-UGHT

# HERALD

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Do you want to Buy a dog? Rent a house? Find a ring? Sell a boat? Trade horses? Hire a cook? Secure a position?

If your want is worth wanting, it is worth spending a few cents in these columns.

### For Rent

**FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT**—Lady preferred. 308 Big Horn avenue. 38-1f-8517

**FURNISHED ROOM** for rent to gentleman. Modern, private home. Phone 175. 408 Sweetwater Ave. 30-1f-8445

### For Sale

**HIGH GRADE** second-hand automobile for sale cheap. Nicolai & Son. 37-1f

**FOR SALE.** Re-cleaned seed wheat \$2.00 per bushel. Rye \$1.60 per bushel. J. A. KEEGAN. 38-1f-8554.

**FOR SALE**—High grade typewriter-carbon paper. The kind that gives you a clear duplicate. The Alliance Herald. Phone 340.

**YOUR CHANCE** to get a first-class, high-grade automobile for sale cheap. Used but in excellent condition. Nicolai & Son. 37-1f

**FOR SALE**—House, five rooms and bath, on Big Horn. Address Box 8542, care Alliance Herald. 37-1f-8542

**FOR SALE AT EXECUTOR'S SALE**—Two residence properties located as follows: Lots five and six in block six, Wyoming addition to City of Alliance. The residences are composed of three and five rooms. These residence properties must be sold. Inquire of L. A. Berry, Room 9, Rumer Block, Alliance, Nebraska. Phone 9. 8287-23-1f

**FOR SALE**—Typewriter ribbons for all makes of typewriters. Typewriter and pencil carbon papers. Typewriter paper and second sheets. Herald Publishing Co. Phone 340.

**LAND FOR SALE CHEAP.** The finest land in Box Butte county. Every foot can be plowed. Level. Four quarter-sections, 640 acres, in two tracts of 320 acres each. Located west of Hemingford. One tract has wind mill and good well. Excellent

soil, fenced. The price is low, on easy terms. Owner will show the land. Address Box 8467 c-o Alliance Herald, for full information, or call at Herald office. 35-41-8467

Five Cents per Line—Count Six Words to a Line No Advertisement taken for Less Than 15c

### For Sale, or will Trade for Farm

A practically new HART-PARR OIL TRACTOR: 40 on the belt, 27 draw bar. "Money Maker" Thresher, 29 Special by 48. Oliver No. 6, 6-bottom 14-inch Engine Gang Plow. This is a bargain if taken at once. Write G. W. Little, Box 4th Ave. 35th St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

**FOR SALE**—Good section of land. Located ten miles southeast of Bingham, Nebraska. Price only \$4500. Address or see Louise Harp, Bingham, Nebraska, for particulars. 38-1f-8515

### Wanted

**WANTED**—Man and wife to work on ranch. Permanent place if you suit. C. E. Clough, P. O. Box 1047. 34-1f-8462

**WANTED**—For office work. A capable young lady who can keep a simple set of books, whose penmanship is good, who can operate a typewriter with proficiency (shorthand not necessary) and who can handle collections and other outside work of that nature. Position is permanent to a capable person. Address Box 4231, care Alliance Herald, giving full particulars, or phone 340. 37-1f-4231

**WANTED**—To drive with party by auto from Alliance to Denver about September 1st. Will either pay my share of the expense or will drive the car. B. Domarian, 421 West Third St., Alliance. 38-2f-8549

### Lost and Found

**FOUND**—Rim holder and nut from Stanweld automobile demountable rim. Owner may have same by calling at Herald office and paying for this ad. 37-1f-8503

**FOUND**—SWITCH KEY and a bunch of keys. Owner may have same by calling at The Herald office, identifying the keys, and paying the cost of this want ad. HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY. 37-1f-8469

**LOST**—An automobile crank for a Crow-Elkhart auto. On Alliance street. Reasonable reward for return to The Herald office. 38-1f-8516

**LOST**—Auto casing, inner tube and rim complete. Size 32x3 1/2 inches. United States make, smooth tread, between Alliance and Hay Springs. Suitable reward for recovery. Return to Rumer Motor Company, Alliance, or W. H. Bell, owner, Gordon, Nebraska. 37-4f-8510

There's no false modesty about this want ad page.

No legitimate proposition need hesitate to launch forth to find a response.

Need not even sign your name or address. This office receives and holds replies for you.

**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN**—Three head of cows, branded O over S on left hip, and one red cow branded M on hip; also three head of calves with no brands. A good reward will be paid for any information leading to their recovery. Address any information to O. R. Roberts, Lewellen, Nebraska. 34-1f-8472

**FOUND**—A casting, evidently part of a tractor or other large piece of farm machinery, on road leading to Alliance, by members of The Herald force. This casting is evidently badly needed by someone and anyone knowing to whom it belongs will confer a favor on the owner by advising him that it is at The Herald office, where it can be secured by calling for it and paying the costs of the insertion of this want ad. HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY. 34-1f-8471

### Miscellaneous

Calling cards for the ladies printed promptly and neatly at The Herald office. The prices are reasonable. Phone 340 for samples and prices, or call at the office.

**MOVE FURNITURE SAFELY**—We have equipped our dray wagons and auto truck with the latest appliances for moving furniture without marring or scratching or doing damage. Up-to-date wagon pads will be used by us on all moving jobs. JOHN R. SNYDER, Phone 15. 37-1f-5950

The Government needs Farmers as well as Fighters. Two million three hundred thousand acres of Oregon and California Railroad Co. Grant Lands. Title vested in United States. To be opened for homesteads and sale. Containing some of best land left in United States. Large Copyrighted Map, showing land by sections and description of soil, climate, rainfall, elevations, temperature, etc. Priced, One Dollar. Grant Lands Locating Co. Box 610, Portland, Oregon. 31-13f-8446

## The Girls Say-

"IF THE SHOE FITS YOU— THEN WEAR IT"

—By— ADAM LIAR

**Why Not Barber Poles?**  
To use the words of Harry Jolson and by special permission of the Board of Health and the approval of the National Board of Senselessness, I will introduce to you this day for the first time in Alliance a brand-new ballad, entitled, "As Long as the Girls Wear Red, White and Blue Stockings, I'll Stand by the Flag."

**A Real Fine Point**  
We were discussing the proposition of advertising when he admitted that he secured his wife through an advertisement. I said, "Then you must admit that it pays to advertise." He said, "Well, I'll admit it gets results."

**Didn't "Try It on the Dog"**  
One of my friends, who helps me frequently with dope for this column, demands that I "take a shot" at the woman who hailed an Alliance man one morning quite recently as he was coming down to work in his new 1918 model. Yes, she hailed him. He stopped. She climbed into the car and into the seat beside him. Then she pulled out a toothbrush and began to polish her tusks, meanwhile entertaining the driver with a choice line of the latest gossip—much of which was garnered from this column. That was sure tough, old boy, but maybe she figured it was "better late than never," and—I'll say it would have been much more unusual if she had manured your teeth instead of her own.

**A Strong Su(0)n**  
Somebody called them Exemption glasses. But he was wrong. He didn't have it. Figured out right. Yes, these awfully Hot, sunshiny days in Alliance this summer Have been partly To blame. Did you know that The oculists have all Been busy this summer Furnishing smoked glasses To the young chaps, and Some of the old ones, too. Smoked glasses and Transparent C-more skirts Are both mighty popular With the opposite sexes. For, as one of the B. A. B.'s said, "It is hard To look directly at The sun for long Periods." So he Got some glasses. Yes, sir.

**How Did He Know?**  
There were three of us in the crowd. You know just three will make a crowd and a big one sometimes. Well, we were standing on the corner up on unpaved Box Butte where East Third runs into it and where automobiles connect with the dummy copper—or rather, where they used to until that man from Antioch ran into the thing and laid it out. Anyway, she went tripping by. One said, "They tell me she is quite an artist." I said, "Really?" Then the third in the party remarked, "Yes, sir, she can draw more flies."

**Feed Him Anyway**  
When she told her husband that owing to the war she was going to give him one beefless day a week. He said he wished he could believe it, but as she'd been beefing to him about something every day since they were married, he guessed she couldn't cut it out now, even for one day.

**But They Like It**  
But talking about beef makes me think of something raw, and talking of something raw calls to mind what they told me he said about this column. He dropped into the newsstand looking for a sight. They complimented him on his sight and he admitted it was pretty good. Then someone said Adam Liar was getting off some hot stuff these days. His

face colored up and he said, "Yes, but some of it is terribly raw." Then he went out to cook the mutton.

**Well Informed**  
"I understand his wife has money."  
"He understands it, also."

**A Slumber Poem?**  
A number of Alliance people have "modernized" their homes this summer by the addition of sleeping porches and other fads of that nature—among them being The Herald's editor (he'll probably raise the d—ickens with me for telling this). I happened down to his place the other morning. I guess that he thought he was alone, anyway he was reciting poetry in a mournful, tuneful tone. I am not much good at poetry, but as near as I can remember his slumber poem went like this: I like to snooze on the sleeping porch Where the wind can blow my nose, And the crickets come to warble some, And the bugs to bite my toes. Oh, I used to cling to that cozy couch, 'Till the wane of the paling stars; But now I can snore no more at four. My neighbors have all bought cars.

Prompt with the primal shaft of light A dozen doors are slammed, And the owners proud, comment loud. On their benzine buggies damned. Then they wind 'em up till the engine start.

To snooze and sneeze and snort, And I bury my head beneath the bed It's a grand little indoor sport!

I'm a peaceful guy, but I'm planning now To parley with Old Doc Mars, And get me a gun for ev'ry one Of my neighbors who purchased cars.

For all they do in the early hours Is play with the pesky things. An automobile is a joy a-wheel But the oriole sweeter sings!

**Honest About It**  
It is said that in the midst of the recent draft examination one young man blurted out, when he was asked if there was anything he knew of wrong with him physically, "I—no, I'm all right, only cold feet."

**All Hail the Chief**  
Miss Helen Damnation, not a permanent resident of Alliance, smoked a cigarette in public on unpaved Box Butte avenue Wednesday evening and thereby fell into the (official) care of Chief of Police George Snyder. But Helen didn't care and and even when being escorted to the woman's ward in the city bastille she continued to puff and embarrassed the chief by blowing rings under his nose.

When brought before Police Magistrate Roberts she touchingly confessed, "I work every day, honey bunch." But when she saw the judge blush at her terms endearment she apologized thusly: "I didn't mean to call you honey-bunch. It was my ignorance that made me say that, dearie. Listen dear—"

"Now, said the judge, assuming his sternest and most judicial mien, "you listen to me. You are to leave town on the first train out. The complaint against you will be dismissed if you will favor us by departing hence to other parts."  
"Gladly I will go, dearie," she answered the judge as she swaggered from the court room and blew a kiss this time at the chief who again matched the judge's complexion by a heavy blush. Seldom do the Alliance officers have such a difficult case to handle—and it would have been difficult if this story was true, but dear reader, I just had to fill this space some way and so entertained you for a minute by dreaming a day dream of how I would like to have it were I the chief of police and a bachelor at that.

## Lloyd's Column

**Kerensky**  
The Slavs seem to be about done for and, thensky. We hear from the camp of the dashing Kerensky. He meets up with trouble reviver Krakokoff, and promptly proceeds to knock that party's block off. He talks to the rebels and they shoutovitch. And call him a sport and good scoutovitch. They swarm to the colors and once more they bowski. And that is the end of another Russ rowski. He's here and he's there patching up

the old fences; And where'er he travels the fighting commences. And now he is premier, succeeding Lvoff, And wields as much power as Nick Romanoff. He's Poo Bah of Russia and holds every post; They toast him serenely, for he is some host. He's doing more work than fifteen common mensky. 'Twould be "taps" for Russia without M. Kerensky.

**Lloyd's Column—For the Dentist's Sake**  
New Dentist (in Frozen Dog)—Will you take gas? Broncho Bill—Will it hurt much if I don't? New Dentist—It will. Broncho Bill—Then, stranger, for your sake I reckon I'd better take it.

**Lloyd's Column—The Game Was Just Begun**  
They arrived hurriedly at the fifth inning. "What's the score, Jim?" he asked a fan. "Nothing to nothing," was the reply. "Oh, goody!" she exclaimed. "We haven't missed a thing!"

**Lloyd's Column—Just Faging the Pup**  
A bellhop passed through the hall of the hotel whistling loudly. "Young man," said the manager sternly, "you should know that it is against the rules of this hotel for an employe to whistle while on duty." "I am not whistling, sir," replied the boy. "I'm paging Mrs. Jones' dog."

**Lloyd's Column—The Mining Business**  
"Well, Rastus, I hear you are working again. What business are you engaged in?" "I've done be engaged in de mining business sah." "What kind of mining are you doing, gold, silver or diamond?" "I've doing kalsomining, sah."

**Lloyd's Column—The Crooked World**  
Said the teacher to the little Hebrew boy: "Ikey is the world flat or round?" "It ain't needer vun, teacher," said Ikey.

"But what is it, Ikey," asked the teacher in surprise, "if it is neither round nor flat?" "Well," said Ikey with conviction, "mine fader he says it vos crooked."

**Lloyd's Column—A Pleasant Prospect**  
The barber was finishing lathering a customer, and was talking volubly as usual. "Yes, sir," he said; "we have to mind what we're about here. Every time we cut a customer's face we are lined a 'tanner,' and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a 'bob.'"

Then, picking up and brandishing a razor, he added: "But I don't care a hang today, I've just won a 'quid.'"

**Lloyd's Column—Salesmanship**  
Moses kept a second-hand clothes shop, and on leaving it in charge of his son Ikey during the dinner hour imparted to him the fact that on the price ticket one dot represented one dollar, two dots two dollars, and so on. Reuturning, Moses, inquired of his son: "Haf yo had any customers, Ikey, vat—?"

"Yes, Fader, I have sold de gray coat and vest for eight dollars." "Vell, vell, now you did soot business, for it was only five dollars." "No, Fader, I kept the ticket, see; it has eight little dots here."

The old Jew scratched his head, and smilingly remarked: "Jubilee Jerusalem! I will never kill another fly."

**Lloyd's Column—The Burning Flame**  
"What would do if I turned you down?" she asked shyly, as they sat on the parlor sofa. The young man looked straight ahead, but said nothing. After a few moments of silence she nudged him with her elbow and said: "Didn't you hear my question?" He looked around apprehensively. "I beg your pardon," he replied. "I thought you were addressing the gas."

**Cure for Cholera Morbus**  
"When our little boy, now seven years old, was a baby he was cured of cholera morbus by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Mrs. Sidney Simmons, Fair Haven, N. Y. "Since then other members of my family have used this valuable medicine for colic and bowel troubles with good satisfaction and I gladly endorse it as a remedy of exceptional merit." Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.—aug